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Editorial.

UNITARIANISM.—Some stand by the Unity, others magnify the Schism.

THE *Interior* (Presbyterian) reports the leading Scotch, English and Irish churches progressing "in creed-revision and explanations."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE refused to be called a "come-outer," for he said he was by nature a "stay-inner." Yet he maintained "the divine right of bolting."

BOSTON humanitarians, says an exchange, are protesting against the proposed slaughter of blue jays in order that their plumage may be used for the decoration of women's bonnets.

MAHOMET when dying, with his head resting upon the bosom of his faithful wife, opened his eyes and looked upward, then smiling said, "I come among you, fellow-citizens on high."

ONE of the radical distinctions between the liberal and the traditional faith is, that the former can change its phraseology, the latter cannot. The power of orthodoxy lies in sticking to the

letter. The power of liberalism lies in defining the old words in new and living language; in substituting vital speech for an obsolete or "rotten diction."

"OUR confidence in ideas and principles is not half what it should be. Our anticipation of results is about double what it should be."—O. B. Frothingham.

Two Women's Congresses are now in progress at Paris—one an independent Woman's Suffrage gathering; the other, under the patronage of the government, deals alone with women's industries and civil rights.

THE ethical character of religion begins when men discern kinship between the deities and themselves. Ethics is thus associated with anthropomorphism. "The Book of Genesis tells us that man was made in the image of God. Aristotle supplies the counterpart to this by his observation that the Greeks made their gods in their own image." In this way God becomes the magnified man—both in his virtues and in his vices.

"No Western Unitarian Church is engaged in any quarrel with any other Unitarian church. None has denied the christian name, or put itself upon a non-religious position; and none has used its fellowship except in the interest of religion. . . . No one will have any doubt about the religious character of Western Unitarianism if he will look simply at the churches, and he has no right to look anywhere else."—Rev. J. H. Crooker.

WE like the hospitable, genial spirit of the editor of the *Methodist Recorder* who, in reporting the Harvard Commencement, himself an alumnus, writes thus of the venerable Dr. A. P. Peabody: "Every Harvard student knows him but to love him. Dear, kind, old man. He is retired from active service now, and in the order of nature he can not much longer be an exponent to men of that truest type of Christianity that finds its expression in tender regard for men and reverent service of truth."

THE General assembly of Presbyterians at New York had a curious question to decide as to the use of grape-wine at the Lord's supper. The Chinese have rice-wine, but not grape-wine; and rice-wine had been used by the missionaries. Now, if this custom was decided as un-orthodox, it might lead to the introduction into China of "a new intoxicating drink." It was held by the assembly that rice-wine would do, that this was equivalent to "the fruit of the vine," for all practical (sacramental) purposes.

EMERSON said that the remedy for the deformities of faith, for the faint and flickering fire on the altar of religion is, "first, soul; and second, soul; and evermore soul." We must go to the great thinkers of the world for thought; its great minds must lead us into truth. We must go to its saints and martyrs for consecration. They must show us how to sacrifice self for duty. We must go to the great loving hearts to be filled with tenderness and sympathy. And we must commune with the devout and aspiring to keep alive in our spirits the divine ideals of holiness and perfection.

WISDOM is rare and delusions are many. Often those who have emancipated themselves from the bondage of some old falsehood, suppose themselves

fully qualified to worship in the temple of reason. But only on one side has the light of truth broken in, and large areas of the mind are still in darkness. Soon they disappoint us by exposing the limitations of their unilluminated thought. They are not free, only partially so. They have shaken off one error only, perhaps, to seize upon a worse one. It is of no advantage, we see, to give up one superstition, and then substitute another equally irrational in its place. This shows that the law of reason has not yet been reached. There is no comprehension of the scientific order.

THE following letter falls quite in line with the hopes and labors of UNITY. The difficulties to union are many, but the necessity for such is far greater. When the editors are once more at home and at work, they will apply themselves again to the problem of bringing nearer a larger union in religion than any yet found:

TO THE EDITORS OF UNITY:—"Can not some method be devised by which the Jews and Unitarians can combine? The two religions seem to have much which is common to both, especially the reformed Judaism and Unitarianism, and a combination of the two would form an irresistible power for good. If the plan were properly tried, no doubt a success could be made of it."

L. S. SWARTZ.

GREENVILLE, MISS.

A POST-OFFICE MISSION correspondent slipped into one of her letters these lines of real recognition born to her even amid the spiritual limitations of an orthodox Kansas home:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men."

On dull material minds thy soul hath shone
With faint cold ray; like some serene, pale
star

That doth not seem a sun because so far:
For who with dull material sight alone
Or near or far hath rightly seen, or thrown
A potent glance beyond the gates that bar
When sense would pass to where no limits
are?

But whoso through the spirit's lens hath
known
To look and search what lights were in his
sky,—

For him thou art a radiant sun; for him
Thy splendors shall not cease; nor even he
May now compute how long that light shall
lie

Upon the paths of men ere it grow dim
And spend itself in life's immensity.

A PHYSICAL BASIS FOR BELIEF IN GOD.—"There is no other knowledge of God here supposed than a recognition of his power; and what is really implied is this: That our senses may know his physical mark, when our conscience can not tell his moral mark. The moral faculty is the dunce, whose dullness the senses, with their horn-book, undertake to instruct in the laws of right and wrong."—James Martineau.

"Canst thou shut thine ear to the awful sound
The voice of thy brother's blood?
A million a month in China
Are dying without God."

THINK of this refrain for a Sunday-school missionary song, taken from a "poem" by Henry Grattan Guinness, the Irish evangelist, and printed in one of our exchanges as a recommendation for a book, which may be had for "the small sum of fifty cents," of Mrs. Macdougall, Taunton, Mass. This is the way that orthodoxy takes to wake up the church from its "sinful sleep," that it may hear the "ceaseless cry" of the "dying!" Only one in three of the whole human race as yet even hears "the gospel of God's grace." And unless they both hear and accept the dogma of christian atonement their fate is sealed. Is it then true that there is no

God in India, China, Japan? Why are these vast populations thus abandoned to eternal death? If it be true that the hairs of men's heads are numbered, and that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father, as Jesus said, is it not slightly presumptuous to say, or to teach the Sunday-school hosts to sing, that

"A million a month in China
Are dying without God?"

For our part, we frankly say we refuse to believe this, as pure stuff and nonsense, within the meaning of the evangelical scheme. The average Chinaman is not our model of manhood at home or abroad any more than the average Turk or American. His faith and form of worship is doubtless very defective. But to suppose that God has withdrawn himself from that part of the world, except so far as he is represented there by a few missionaries of the orthodox church; to suppose that he has never revealed his law and truth to them, or left a witness of himself in their hearts; or that no man loveth right or "worketh righteousness" unto salvation in those vast populations, is to us simply monstrous and incredible. Yet how tenacious is this bloody theology, descending with its fleshly phraseology, all the way down from the altars of Moloch and the hecatombs of Homer.

BREAK THROUGH THE UPPER CRUST.

Not all the perishing souls live on the alley, but many are found in houses on the avenue. There are missionary ventures calling for self-sacrifice, wisdom and sagacity beside those of the poverty-stricken in a money sense. George Eliot displayed great insight when she pleaded for the "perishing upper classes." It is often the reproach of Unitarianism that it is only for the well-to-do and the intelligent. So far as the "only" is concerned, the reproach is merited, but the well-to-do and intelligent must not be neglected. Holy is the church that can consecrate prosperity and baptize with enthusiasm culture, and if the miserable on the alley are ever to be reached in a way that will drive misery out of the alley, relief must come to them via the avenue. If we can convert the "fortunate" to the religion of character and the gospel of disinterestedness, grace will soon filter through the lower strata of society and heal and bless.

These reflections passed through our mind on reading the appeal for aid to establish a church of the broad faith in the Harlem district of New York city. The proposed site is four and a half miles from the nearest Unitarian society, in the midst of highly expensive and prosperous churches of the exclusive faiths. Perhaps few people will realize except those who have tried it that Rev. Merle St. C. Wright, the young minister who has undertaken this work, has undertaken the most difficult missionary task perhaps in the denomination with which he works. Perhaps fewer people still will believe that it may be the most important. Secretary Reynolds, of the American Unitarian Association, calls it the most important strategic point now in the denomination, but its value to a sect is of but secondary importance compared to its value to humanity. Mr. Wright is a young minister. We believe this is his first charge. Into this work he is throwing the ardor of his youthful life in unstinted measure. It is worth while sending to him for his printed circulars, etc., in order to see with what

systematic skill he is carrying on his work. We print herewith a cut of the church, which can be realized at a cost of \$30,000, but the lot upon which it is to be built will cost \$35,000. Of this, the society itself will raise \$10,000 besides its annual expenses, which are kept within \$2,200. New York and Brooklyn churches will give \$40,000 and Boston \$10,000, which will leave about \$5,000, which, for fellowship's sake, we might wish could largely come from the west. Too long has it been the assumed necessity, particularly among Unitarians, that all missionary money should follow the star of empire westward. The truer way is that money should flow readily either way where there is manifest need. Our own perplexities and pre-occupations have too long delayed this word of fellowship and solicitation for the work of Brother Wright in New York. And now we realize that, coming as it does in the midst of vacation heat and indolence, it is in danger of receiving but indifferent attention. But we beg that our readers will send to the minister above named, 215 West 126th st., New York, a request for the ingenious printed matter and earnest statement set forth by the society, and send something, anything, from a nickel up, as a pledge of good will, and as a lease on future co-operation.

On the first Sunday in July, Robert Collyer, standing before his old friends of Unity church, Chicago, asked for a contribution to help the struggling Unitarian church at Ballymonie, Ireland, to more adequately house itself and something over a hundred dollars was contributed, and the sum was considerably augmented by individuals from the other churches. This is as it should be. It is the way to destroy lines, political, geographical and sectarian. He is the true citizen of the world who tries to give a little help and cheer to many good things rather than to be lavishly generous towards a few causes and then mean towards all the rest of the world.

We close this appeal by letting Mr. Wright speak for himself:

"Our need is great, as is our cause; every cent tells; if you will make the effort, the money can be raised. Do not stand excused by reason of the scope of our enterprise, feeling that you are distant, or powerless, or that there are many others who will help. If you fail, why not all? Each can do something. A sacrifice we boldly ask of you, knowing the cause is worthy of it, and that such is the spirit of our faith:—not how little, but how much can I do? We are stretching every muscle, we can do no more; with you, individually, rests a responsibility for this enterprise which, carried through, will impart strength to many. * * * We make it a personal matter with you to support this cause, now, with your best thought and effort; and appeal also in the name of the faith, which needs this stirring of the people's hearts, this joining hand to hand with common interest in a common endeavor."

POPE LEO XIII. AND GIORDANO.

The poor Pontiff of the Vatican seems anything but happy where he is. And the worst of it remains, that no other nation or city wants him. So long as the Pope is but a synonym for intrigue and diplomacy to gain temporal power, his Holiness will be the dread of any state toward which he turns his glance.

It has been truly said that the 30,000 people who walked in procession to the monument just dedicated to Giordano Bruno, probably knew little or nothing of his philosophy. If its author had been alive and present, it is doubtful if he could have found out from that crowd "which of his manifold titles to the world's adoration had at last been acknowledged." He had bearded the Popes. He had exposed the fallacies of the scholastics. He had demolished every contemporary philosopher, in 160 articles. He had shown the shallowness of the Protestants.

He had set forth a "monadistic Pantheism" which has not yet been accepted.

But of one thing the people were sure. He had suffered neglect, scorn and torture for his devotion to truth. He had been sacrificed "to the ferocity of a Sovereign Church." He had been hounded by priests, and burned by the Pope. The people knew all this. And his name is now coupled with that of Garibaldi as one of the emancipators of Italy. For the rest what did the crowd care?

A recent writer says of Giordano: "He could detect glaring errors in the systems of others, without being able to construct any solid system of his own. He wove a stupendous fabric out of cobwebs, and it has necessarily been as fragile as its materials. But, though the student can discover little more of permanent value in his learning than could the myriads who applied his fate on Sunday as a battering ram against the Vatican, *the man remains*, and he is strangely fascinating. * * *

Certainly, of all the many extravagancies of human intolerance, few excel in grotesqueness the treachery which betrayed this pure and brave being to the Inquisition, the shameful injustice which endeavored to shatter his independence of soul by years of imprisonment, and the final fit of baffled spite, Pontifical and monkish, which committed his body to the flames, not so much for the ecclesiastic's heresy as for the logician's obstinate antagonism to the philosophy of ARISTOTLE."

But the lesson is never learned, though repeated in every age. It is for false or mistaken definitions, for some fallacy of logic, for some misuse, or failure in the use of a prescribed word or proposition, which, in the polity of the church, has been exalted into the worst of crimes, has led to strife, alienation and martyrdom; while the pure life and the passion for truth have gone for nothing, or waited for after years to bring their vindication.

L.

I SHOULD like to believe that you have been thoroughly spoiled for one thing; namely, for accepting or supporting any religious teaching that is narrow, bigoted and intolerant. Whether your minister be radical or conservative, look you to this: that he be fair-minded and just toward men of all opinions—that he speak the truth in love. We are told that a man may hold and express any truth, but he must not mistake his own modes and moods for a part of the truth; nor must he confound his own intellectual horizon with the boundaries of truth; not must he contract his sympathies, nor yours, to include only those who agree in radical or conservative views. May a preacher be true and free, yet petty in spirit? Then he is not true and free in the noblest sense. No man is more wholly wrong than he who is spitefully right.—Charles G. Ames's Year Book.



PROPOSED CHURCH BUILDING AT HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY.

TELL US YOUR GOSPEL.

II.

We have supposed that to an assembly of all the ministers of Chicago, the question were propounded by an earnest envoy from Japan: "What is it in your religion that makes you most glad?" It might happen in getting answers to this question that some of the ministers would fail to pass a clear and intelligent examination. They had not been used to thinking of their religion in this simple form; or they might not prove to be distinctly happy and at rest themselves; or they might be men whose happiness was in other interests than in religion. We will, however, presume that a considerable number satisfied our Japanese envoy that they had good news to tell. So many as had had a genuine religious experience of their own ought to be able to give an account of it.

We can imagine now that our Japanese friend would try somehow to group together the different answers into classes, according as they were similar to each other. He might try, for instance, to combine all the answers of the Roman Catholic priests. We can guess that the result might be somewhat like this:—*The good news is that there is a church which a good God has established. There are rites of the church, and especially the sacrament of the Eucharist, through which you can come into actual communion with God. Do then what the Church bids, and it shall be well with you here and hereafter.* We have found this to be true, say the best men among the

priests. It has been good news to others, they say. Behold Father Damien and the long list of our saints! Considering the great number of the Catholics and the antiquity of the their church, it must be confessed that if many of its priests shall appear genuinely to be glad of this gospel, our envoy will be likely to be somewhat impressed. He will, at least, being candid, wish to assure himself whether "there is not something in it." On the contrary, if the priests look heavy, dull, sensual, or gloomy and forbidding, and indeed remind him of a similar number of Buddhist priests—such as he has seen in Japan—he will have his doubts about their gospel of a church and sacraments. How many genuine priests then will he find in Chicago whose religion makes them glad? The envoy's difficulties will be greater when he tries to make order out of the answers of the Protestant ministers. There will obviously be nothing that makes Baptists glad, more than Methodists have. The Methodists will have no good news different from the Presbyterians. In fact, unless the envoy had made up his mind to take no conventional answers, but only such as came from men's hearts, he would, we fear, be hopelessly confused by these Protestant sects. Some things that they would want to put into their conventional answers would seem to him a travesty on the idea of good news. Whoever, for example, began with saying that this was "a lost world," and that "all men were under the wrath of God," would scarcely cheer the hearts of the Japanese.

Nevertheless, there would be doubtless certain genuine answers from men who would appear to have a gospel. "There is a new life of the spirit," we imagine we hear some good Father Taylor say, "gladsome, trustful, above greed, selfishness and animal passion, friendly, lived as in the presence of God. Every man can live this happy life if he will. Jesus Christ has been my helper to the new life." There will be a group who will say something like this.

Others will say, as follows, after the fashion of the old story of Augustine: "We once lived bad lives; we were conscious of guilt and ill desert. Then we were told of the Son of God come to bid us change our evil course, and that so many as repented should be cleared of their guilt. We obeyed, and at the name of Christ, gladness and peace came into our souls. This is our good news. There is no one who has been so wicked, but that if he repents and turns to Christ, he may now be free of his sins and have a clean heart." The Japanese will observe, however, that while a good many begin to give this last answer conventionally, as though some one had taught it to them by rote, comparatively few give it straight from their hearts. Few really believe that they have ever been so bad as to deserve nothing but pains and penalties. But most have as good an opinion of themselves as—to say the least—people have in Japan. We can even imagine our envoy interrupting certain with the downright question: Do you honestly mean that you were once so bad a person that you deserved to suffer forever and ever? And we can feel the pause while all the egotism, conceit and personal pride of the man, as well as his sense of justice and truth, draw back from any answer but *No!* Nevertheless, a few would honestly say that they had no deserts of their own, but that all the good in them was from God. They were content and happy, simply to obey whatever God's will was, for His will was good. In fact, their gospel was that *any man obeying God's will is safe, both here and in all worlds.*

We can now imagine our Japanese puzzling over all these Roman Catholic and Protestant answers. He has been disappointed with the small number of satisfactory answers, but he has been impressed with the fact that in all the genuine men—throwing the conventional men out—there was something in common. The genuine men were alike in their truthfulness, their simplicity, their good spirit, their really happy and peaceful faces and the earnest and positive tone of their voices. Can he now find anything common in their answers? For, if all their answers can be reduced substantially to one, who knows but that we shall have the very gospel that will serve Japan? Thus he looks for the common elements that make the best men of the great city both good and happy. He finds accordingly that all the genuine answers agree in their idea of a good God who rules the world. The thought of God then makes men good and happy. The answers agree in the idea of a new life, opposed to the selfish animal life. This new life makes men happy. The answers agree that whoever leads the new life, leaves his guilt and sins behind. He is fit, therefore, for all true men's society or for heaven. The answers agree that there is no limit to the new life. It is in some sense eternal. The answers so far agree in some sort of reference to a person—Jesus Christ—to whom, in whole, or in part, or in some way, men are indebted for their knowledge of the happy new life. But how men are indebted to Christ, the answers do not agree at all. In fact, there is nothing so puzzling to our Japanese as to make out what to think about Jesus Christ. Was he man, or more than man? What did he do? And would not the beautiful new life be possible without him? Or, in case a man really caught the gospel of a good God, or found the secret of the new life, must he also say something about Christ? In other words, was

Christ an essential part of the gospel, or rather a teacher, an illustration, an example, a sort of a familiar type, or object lesson, to make it more real? Can any one now simplify this perplexity about the relation of Jesus Christ to "the good news"? C. F. D.

Contributed and Selected.

WHEN THE SKY IS BLUE.

Every day when the sky is blue
The world seems good and my heart is glad,
Whatever the work my hands must do,
Whatever the causes to make me sad.

Every day when the sky is blue
God seems hovering near to bless,
And the very air, as it rustles through,
Touches me like a soft caress.

Every day when the sky is blue
I think to number my blessings o'er,
And although I have had my losses too,
I find my treasures a goodly store.

Every day when the sky is blue
I think that the Right will defeat the
Wrong,
I know that the world is brave and true,
And that every heart should be glad and
strong.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A LIBERAL "LIBERAL" CHURCH.

We often find that so-called Liberal Churches are exceedingly illiberal in all things except theology, that the Liberal Church in a city is in all practical affairs the Conservative, almost Reactionary and Aristocratic church, while for practical Liberalism and democracy one has to go to some Methodist, Episcopalian or even Catholic church. In fact so frequent a fact is this that Liberals (in theology) seem to accept it as a matter of fact that this church is and should be in all things but theology a very conservative and aristocratic one, worshipping things as they are, and leaving practical progress to secular unions or other churches. One who loves the Liberal church and has to find his only possible religious fellowship there, and yet is as strongly liberal in all other things as in theology, cannot but deplore this fact,—especially if to him religion is but the holy spirit that should permeate all practical affairs. In the latter case he cannot but care more for liberalism in the practical affairs of life than for liberalism in theology, and find himself more at home amongst the most strictly orthodox of orthodox, if they desire and unite with all other liberal things, than with the most liberal theologians who in politics, social matters, etc., are as conservative and anti-democratic as an English Tory or French Legitimist. Why have we not more Liberal Churches that are liberal in all things, that invite all truth, and all search for truth, to whatsoever particular sphere of life it may belong; some church that is democratic in its spirit, progressive in all its tendencies and emancipated enough to dare handle freely, frankly and justly all questions that concern the welfare of man and the Law of Righteousness,—such as the social question, for instance?

O, friends, we do need such a church. There is many a heart that is parched for want of it; many of us who cannot worship God in spirit and in truth any better in an Aristocratic Church than in a trinitarian one, (not half as well, in fact; in the one we object to the *spirit*, in the other merely to a *creed*), any better in a church that dreads to come to the light with social questions than in one that shrinks from the light of historic, scientific or theologic truth. We shall not have a Church-home, till we have one where the *Brotherhood of Man* is the first and chief reality that impresses us, where no truth and no honest opinion or reverent discussion are feared. But we have not many such churches yet. And till we have, there are thousands of us who cannot give the existing liberal churches our *undivided* loyalty. We have to leave the Liberal Preacher when we thirst for those other liberal things and search for some Catholic priest like McGlynn, or some unordained but Divinely anointed preacher like Henry George.

Why do not the common people

flock to our liberal churches? Let us not deceive ourselves, they love our theology but shrink from our undemocratic spirit and lack of sympathy with their needs, hopes and aspirations. Combine the liberalism of a Dr. McGlynn with that of the ordinary Unitarian preacher, and "great shall the harvest be, overflowing."

We have reconciled the church to the modern spirit of science. We have welded Religion and modern scientific thought into an indissoluble union. That glory belongs forever to the Liberal Church.

But here is this great, aspiring Democratic spirit of to-day, come to stay, we may be sure, till "the leaves of the judgment-book unfold." The opposition of the churches to it has driven it from them, secularized it, made it largely anti-religious (as the case once was with science,—for the same reasons), and now for the church with courage, wisdom and Christ-spirit enough to put the chrism on this new Birth of Nature, for some church to wed Religion to Democracy, as we have wedded it to science.

No, not for some church to do it. Our liberal church *must* do it to satisfy the thousands that are liberal both in theology and in these other things, to satisfy and give a God-Home to those of us, who are democrats and liberals in theology with equal earnestness and conviction.

We *must* have a democratic Liberal Church, a liberal Liberal Church, for the people need it, some of us pant for it, and in the meanwhile feel ourselves "in a dry place, where no water is."

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

THE MORAL SENTIMENT.

"This sentiment is the essence of religion." "The dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart, gives and is the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures, and the worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy."

"When man says, 'I ought': when love warms him: when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed; then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom. Then he can worship, and be enlarged by his worship: for he can never go behind this sentiment. In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown."—Emerson.

THEN AND NOW.

The recent semi-centennial celebration at Mount Holyoke (Mass.) Seminary, suggests a few words regarding Mary Lyon, a pioneer in the work of female education. Few of the women of this day know what they owe to Miss Lyon and those like her, who have so smoothly paved for them the pleasant ways of learning. One hundred years ago girls were not allowed to attend any of the public schools of the country, even to say nothing of the colleges and higher institutions of learning. In 1788, it was voted in town meeting in Northampton, Mass., not "to be at any expense for the schooling of girls." In Hatfield, where the founder of what is now Smith College, was born and buried, the only privilege which girls possessed less than a hundred years ago, was to sit on the door-step of the school-house and hear the boys read and recite their lessons. Less than a century ago the laws of Massachusetts did not recognize a woman as a teacher in the public schools. When the first high-school for girls was opened in Boston, in 1825, there was such a great outcry against the innovation, and so many girls applied for admission that the scheme was abandoned, and was not again attempted until 1853. In 1826 the school committee of Concord, Mass., passed a resolution that "from the first day of December to the first day of April, no misses under ten years of age shall attend school in the center of the town; nor any over the age of ten years where there are forty male scholars attending the school."

Such was the actual position of young women in this country, with reference to the means and opportunities of an education, when, in 1837, Mary Lyon opened her school at South Hadley.

* * * When her scheme became known, and she began to ask assistance to build and furnish such a school, the whole thing was declared to be impractical, unnatural, unscriptural, unfeminine, unchristian, and whatever else was wrong and visionary. It was declared to be an innovation unheard of and uncalled for; the women did not want to be educated,—and this in the face of the fact that the girls' school in Boston was closed because so many sought admission,—and if women were educated, it would ruin their health, impair their womanly delicacy and modesty; unsex them, unfit them for their proper sphere. Against these railing accusations, Miss Lyon had nothing to plead but her heavenly vision and she plead as for her own life.—MARY DE-LONG, in *The Universalist*.

FLOWER-MUEZZINS.

In distant lands where Islam reigns,
Five times a day the holy word
"To prayer! to prayer!" rings through the
air,
From mosque and minaret is heard.

Yet needless is that Moslem call
To lift at stated times and hours
Man's longing soul to higher thought,
For God's muezzins are the flowers!

The flowers that with their lovely lips
Chant every hour of every day
A summons sweet to noblest life,
To work, to worship and to pray.

Oh poet-flowers! Oh prophet souls!
Could ye your inmost hearts unfold,
No drama wrought by human lives
But in your depths we might behold,

And in your strivings learn to strive,
In your up-looking learn to raise
Above the sod our earth-bound eyes,
And climb to heights of prayer and praise

A. H. F.

The Study Table.

A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Several times have we attempted to write a notice of the work now hastening to completion under the skillful editing of Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, but each time we have lost our way in the tempting pages of one or the other of the eight handsome volumes already out. They are all so good we know not how to wish them better. We could not wish for more, because there is already more than even the expert reader can do justice to. We dare not wish for less, because we have found nothing that even the busy man would like to be out of reach of. There are just illustrations enough, most of them admirably executed portraits, to rest the eye and tempt the mind to make further excursions. It is, indeed, an epitome of the best in American life; perhaps a more adequate history of the real growth of the United States than any book making specific historical claims. It is a book that begs for a place in every church and Unity club library, and every home library where there are children to train into the love of good literature, or older ones to rejoice in it. It is a long time since we have made an addition to our own library that has given us more pleasure. The work is to be completed in ten volumes, and it will be hard to know how to get as much good reading for \$30 in any other way.

A 24-page descriptive circular, containing title page, preface, specimen pages, portraits, comments of the press, and publishers' announcement, will be sent free to applicants addressing W. E. Dibble & Co., 134 Van Buren street, Chicago.

The World of Cant. An anonymous novel. New York and Chicago: J. S. Ogilvie. Paper, 12mo., 50 cents.

An English work of fiction, hardly a novel, this denouncing screed of fifty-two chapters, which calls itself a "companion book to 'Robert Elsmere.'" Fancy a canal-boat or a

trawler claiming the position of consort to a white-winged yacht. The really appreciative reader of the most reviewed novel of the day may be relied on in nine cases out of ten to drop into the waste-basket this would-be associate volume, which, however liberal in religious ideas and sound in moral principles, yet lacks the saving grace of literary merit. The anonymous author tells us that the names in his pages stand not for individuals, but types. We have then in effect in these bold sketches and rough caricatures a series of composite photographs, with a weak connecting thread of narrative, standing for hypocrisy, fanaticism, bigotry, jingoism, flunkeyism,—in short, the various forms of ignorant zeal, insincerity, self-seeking in religion and in society, which make up the "World of Cant." "After Dickens and Jenkins" would be a good explanatory legend. "Ginx's Baby" appears in chapter first as Tom, a ragged youth of sixteen years, holding his dying mother's hand in the darkness and the cold. In the fiftieth chapter he is sentenced to the scaffold, protesting in calm, quiet tones, "I did not mean to kill Walters. . . . Society never took any notice of my feelings from first to last, would not even let me have bread to eat, though I tried for it hard and honestly. No notice was taken of me at all until people thought I was a great murderer; then they began selling my likeness, writing in the papers about me, preaching sermons on me, and praying for me." Mr. Melville, the author's favorite philanthropist, is an untiring crusader against cant. "His intellect and his heart alike revolted against the sycophancy, fanaticism, injustice, ignorance and un-Christliness which he beheld throughout the length and breadth of the land, organized for a variety of purposes into approved conventional systems which displaced morality from politics and divorced honesty from religion. . . . He was convinced that in the teaching and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and nowhere else, was to be found that light which would guide mankind out of their selfishness and sinfulness into the paths of benevolence and the virtues." M. H. G.

We have frequently spoken with pleasure of the "Knickerboker Nuggets," published by the Putnams, of New York. Four more of the pretty little books are at hand, the Chesterfield Letters, Aesop's Fables, the Ideals of the Republic, containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the three great Washington addresses and the three great Lincoln addresses, duly indexed, and a volume of the "Wit and Wisdom" of Sydney Smith. The paragraph extracts from his writings, in the first half of the book, bear dates from 1798 to 1832. One who seeks to forget, for a moment, the stress of present demands, may open at any page of his writings or his conversation, to be lifted by a wise thought upon matters political, educational or moral, refreshed by glimpses of the manners and customs in any country from America to Australia, or exhilarated by keen wit and genial humor.

Moodly Moments. Poems by Edward Doyle. Ketcham & Doyle, New York. Elegantly bound in cloth, \$1.00. 95 pp.

There is much strength and originality of expression in these poems, and while one finds so often the undertone of a burdened life, the themes are in general happy, and many are of high character. In the preface we find reason for the title of the book, when we learn that the author is deprived of his sight. He published in 1882 a dramatic poem called "Cagliostro," depicting "Modern Spiritualism." E. T. L.

Old religious factions are volcanoes burned out; on the lava and ashes and scoriae of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn.—Burke.

Church-Door Pulpit.

Any church may secure the publication of any acceptable sermon in this department by the payment of \$5, which sum will entitle the church to one hundred copies of the issue in which the sermon is printed.

THE BEARINGS OF THE EVOLUTION THEORY ON RELIGION.

By EDWARD B. PAYNE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, MAY 15, 1889.

Religious thinking has been formulated, for the most part, under the influence of a dramatic idea. Religion, all along, has assumed and contemplated the related action of two *personae*, God and man, on one great stage—that of Nature. The new science radically affects the conceptions to be held of both the *personae*, and of the stage, and of the relations sustained by each to each other and to all.

As to the stage itself, that is, what we call Nature, the conception thereof has been almost immeasurably enlarged and exalted. The great navigators of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries discovered a new continent, and thus put new thoughts into Europe. Evolutionary science has done nothing less than to discover, or uncover, a New Cosmos, whose magnified greatness calls for a vast extension and expansion of thought beyond the old-time lines.

Indeed, before the eyes of men in the present age, even the material universe has had, in the mount of science, its transfiguration. It will be found henceforth impossible to regard it as so much clod—a matter-mass—to be held in contempt by mind. On the contrary, to the apprehension of mind the material universe has all but gained a soul. Miracle, at least, has been transferred from the realm of the supernatural to the realm of the natural. Evolutionary science has wrought this change. And evolutionary science should be trusted to foster, and even to necessitate high and reverent thought. And truly it has come to pass that you cannot well do better for a young materialistic sceptic than to send him to the close study of such pages as those of the three earliest chapters of Herbert Spencer's first principles. If he yield himself to such tuition, he will come to see in nature mystery, wonder, and romance, and will find her full of picture and harmony, a true nurse of idealism and poetry. He shall stand in awe of her as a majestic, harmonized and organic whole.

"Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill
And joy and moan
Melt into one."

There is no need to multiply illustrations or to extend the proof that the conception of nature has been unspeakably ennobled. The conception itself is daily becoming familiar to even the popular intelligence. For the present purpose it needs only to be expressly noted that the most significant new thought born of the new science is that nature is not at all a mere stage for action, but a vast domain of activity. "Nature" is now the name for the universal and eternal drama itself, with infinite space for its platform and immeasurable time for the endless succession of act and scene.

Now, for the New Universe there must needs be a New God. That is, men must *think* a New God. The day called for by Emerson, when the God of tradition should be broken, has come. For neither the God of the Hebrews, nor yet the God of the New Testament, is equal to the *filling of all things*. No anthropomorphic God can have, or be, that infinite fulness. For all such conceptions of the God, therefore, the word of banishment from thought has been spoken.

The tardiness on the part of small conceptions of God to obey this sentence accounts for much unbelief. What atheism now exists, exists by preference of reason for atheism, as over against the ancient theism. If a new and adequate theism arises, there will be no more atheism.

Is such a theism coming? Yes; the

beginnings of it are already here. The New God is silently and slowly entering into human thought, and possessing it, on the authority of the fresh Revelation which the new-known universe is making. The history of thought is here repeating itself. The account given by the ancient thought as to the rise of its conception of God was, that "the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, were clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Certain "invisible things" are manifested too from the creation of the world as Evolution sees it, and by contemplation of the things that are made as the new science uncovers them. Once more the world will be left "without excuse for changing the truth of God into a lie." The theistic conclusion is ultimately in this age as in all ages, unescapable. The God is revealing Himself now to modern mind in the *necessity*, to which modern mind confesses, for a resolution of the conception of many differentiated things, making up the universe, into the conception of a single All-of-Being. Already we are accepting the proposition that there is only one ubiquitous energy, into which all particular forces are changeable, and are transmuted, in and out again. To this omnipresent Power, transcending definition, we shall be compelled at last, by all the sanctions of logic, to attribute thought, or *more than thought*, mind, or *more than mind*. Thus one of our foremost scientists, in a noble passage of a recent book, proclaims universal mind the one factor of evolution.

In other words, a new pantheism is upon us. Not a pantheism which makes the universe the noble sarcophagus of a dead God, nor yet the restless outreaching and tossing of an unconscious or dreaming Deity, but a pantheism which works in thought a sense of cosmic Indian Summer, thought softened and made tender by the idea that the universe itself *may be alive*—pulsing with vital force, and throbbing with the passion of being and becoming.

The Pan-Immanence of Deity—that is the sublime idea. A coordination and intervolving of the idea of God with the idea of the All-of-Being. In the light of which supreme thought, it is to be seen that the Laws of Nature are God thinking, the Forces of Nature are God at work, and the Universe is God existent, standing forth, objectified, and made realizable.

Here, now, we come to the foundations of Religion again. We touch once more in the history of the world the Religious Law. For the New Universe and the New God, held thus together, in one imperious thought, demand, *demand*, the New Man.

Evolutionary science has added immeasurably to the perceived scale of existence. It has put vastly more both below man and above him. And, further, it is teaching him that out of *this* he has thus far come, and unto *that* he must *henceforth be on his way*. He *must*—that is the uncompromising law, the edict of inexorable fate, the voice of the Living Deity that throbs in everything. Man *must*. For we ought to bear in mind that underneath the question which we are just now considering, viz: that of the influence of the evolution theory on religious thought—lies a profounder question concerning the actual results to be expected from the perpetual *process* of evolution, that goes continuously on and waits not for us to think or speculate at all. While we explain the nebular hypothesis, for example, and trace its revolutionary effects upon cosmological philosophy, the cosmic forces themselves, acting in accord with cosmic laws, are busy forming and placing new worlds, and substituting for the celestial order of yesterday the celestial order of to-day. Through days and nights, ceaseless, tireless, these processes go on, to work, out of the old, the new,—

"The Heavens, Earths, Worlds and changes
changing them—"

A mighty whirling wheel of strife, and stress
Which none can stay or stem."

So, too, must it be with this sacred side of the life of man, itself a product of this great system of energy which we call evolution. While speculation looks long, and tarries wondering before the riddle, the process knows no cessation or even hesitation. We state the problem, and endeavor to forecast the thing that shall be done. Meanwhile, the thing itself is *being done*.

A definition of evolution, therefore, such as Prof. Joseph Le Conte has given, may be taken as nature's own grand charter for the religion of the future. "Evolution," he says, "is continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." By "resident forces" is meant, he explains, forces that reside in the thing developing and in the reacting environment. In other words, the universal process of evolution, and the process of evolution in each limited field of nature, is carried on by forces that *are the organic energies of nature*, keeping nature in a ceaseless quiver of change—the sublime passion of being and becoming other and more than it is. The laws, in accord with which these forces act, are "the law of perpetual differentiation, the law of the progress of the whole, and the law of cyclical movement."

Now these forces still reside, and still work in man, and in his reacting environment. Something is perpetually done for, and with, and within man, by world-wear, by the impact of all things that surround him, and by the restless dynamics of his own nature. A hint therefore of what is to be expected may be obtained from what has been. These resident forces have made man a religious being. They will keep him so. In the time that now is and the time that shall be, they will work to substitute for what is old, and already utilized in his religious experience, somewhat that is experimentally new. This with a definite progress of the whole and with a rhythmic ebb and flow of cyclical movement in successive periods of time. The result will be nothing less than a transformation. When man first appeared in the generative course of nature, *there was a new creature* in the universe. But the end is not yet. For out of the man that now is must come another new creature—the man that is to be. Is it not Nature herself who sings through the voice of our own great philosopher-poet!

"Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again;
Seethe Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, wet, dry, and peace, and pain.
Let war, and trade, and creeds, and song
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days."

The new science however forces upon us the now all-important question whether in the future evolutionary progress of mankind, which the resident forces of nature assure, we are to lose or to maintain a place for that conscience element, that upward-looking purpose, and that emotional warmth that we call Religion. So long as the dramatic idea gave form to all religious thought, it appeared clear that man had an original and self-inspired part to play in the drama that was enacting on the stage of nature. Now the question is whether man has, or can have, any original part whatsoever in shaping the course of his experience or working out the problem of his destiny. Is he wholly mastered by the strong, compelling forces that reach to him from every side, or has his hand some degree of mastery, potent to shape events to the ends of choice?

How shall that question be answered? In this way. As we have seen, the tendency of the new philosophy founded upon the new science is to commensurate and blend the idea of an infinite mind with the idea of the all-of-being; to find in infinite mind thus conceived a final resolution for all the forces of nature and so the sole cause of evolution. If therefore the cosmic process is thus due to the energy of infinite mind,

thinking in natural laws and working by natural forces, then must the universe be such as to afford an orbit, within infinite mind, for the swing and sway of finite mind, if only finite mind work with infinite mind and not against it.

Here is our coming religion. The greatest religious epoch of the world will begin when man, accepting those conceptions of the universe and of his relations in it to which the theory of evolution leads, shall see that it is for him not merely to be *carried on* in the universal stream of being, but to secure in it an intelligent, a conscious and a voluntary part.

I cannot resist the temptation to adorn and strengthen what I have to say by introducing here another noble and eloquent appeal of Prof. Le Conte for an earnest, constructive and self-helpful exercise of human faculty upon the problem of existence and its outcome. The appeal is based on the nature of man. The physical nature of man, he takes note, includes three things. First the sensuous element, or sense perception, by which he gains acquaintance with external nature. Secondly, intellectual faculty, by which he manipulates the material which the senses bring in, compares it, adjusts it, and reduces it, more or less, to system. Thirdly, will and moral faculty, by which we guide, or ought to guide conduct. Now he says, that during the last generation there has been a wonderful instreaming of nature into the mind of man through the sense perceptions, and also an immense amount of intellectual work upon the material thus obtained, reducing it to the forms of science. But, he says, the very nature of man demands that the process shall not stop here. All this present-day content of mind ought to work itself out again, nay, ought to be *pushed* out by will and moral purpose to appear once more in the wide world in the forms of intelligent, voluntary, wise, and right action.

This is the voice of a prophet declaring that the modern greatness of thought ought to add a cubit to the moral stature of man. The wondrous things which we have learned concerning nature, and the infinite life within it, lay upon us in turn no light hands. We hold them in the bonds of thought—they hold us in the bonds of ethics and moral obligations.

When this is clearly seen, as it is fated to be, the true religious age will hold its sway upon the world. Men will begin to sing another psalm like the 139th, in which they shall acknowledge that they are fearfully and wonderfully made, and that they dwell in a universe that forever calls for reverential fear and wonder.

In that day many will see that science—evolution—has only been writing for him a new Genesis, to give him an account of the universe, and of God, and of himself.

Then will he proceed to find for himself the new Exodus. For he will see that it is not for him to stay in bondage. The universe calls upon him to fill it with his spirit, as God fills it. He must make himself an inhabitant, not merely of the world, but of the cosmos. He must become that new creature, prefigured by the mighty angel of the apocalypse, who stood with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, and lifted up his hand to heaven.

Then will there be a new Leviticus. For this will be a new religion, and the new religion will need new forms and methods, a new art of worship through which to express the spirit that is in it.

A new book of Numbers will then appear, i.e.: a new social scheme which shall not be aimed at social organization, but shall foster and secure the growth of social organism—a social order that shall imitate, and at last more than match the order of the sidereal heavens, bound together by even sweeter influences than those that bind the Pleiades.

A new Deuteronomy too. For the higher law must not be written on tables of stone, but must be *found* in the very heart.

And last of all, a new poetry of psalm and prophecy—a literature which shall utter adequately all the great parables of nature, such as she began to whisper to the ear, and express through the voice of Jesus.

In short, under the inspiration of the great conceptions which the universe itself shall work within him, man will bend himself, as never before, to meet and fulfil the obligations imposed upon him by his noblest ideals. And this shall work a regeneration in him greater than was ever dreamed of in the theologic philosophy of the eighteenth centuries. For it shall make him one who daily forgets the things that are behind in an ever-renewed endeavor to apprehend in the universe that for which he also is apprehended by its mighty powers. This will be the second coming of the Son of Man, recognized then, and undisputed, as the Son of God.

Evolution then, let us believe, is destined to share the fate of all great revolutionary truths which science brought to light. Each, in its turn, has proved itself to be a part of religion, a fulcrum for the leverage of new religious power. So shall it be with Evolution. In it are the prophecies of the new day—prophecies which whisper of broader lands, of richer times, of unlimited achievements, of new languages and idioms in which the universe shall yet speak to the soul of man, of a lesson and a moral out of life which shall give infinite satisfaction, of power to reach out to and find God, of a deathless energy which shall ensure immortality, and of a peace that shall yet flow like a river and a righteousness that shall be as the waves of the sea.

Correspondence.

THE SUNRISE SIDE.

Side of the continent, the East, what of it, its outlook, its hopes and fears, its work and its woes—denominationally? I wanted to write *sunny side*, which is not just the word for my thought. The spirit of our conferences and public meetings is victorious, hopeful; there everything booms, and banners fly. New churches are being organized, and the A. U. A. Secretary has to put the brakes on to the missionaries, and cries halt, till the treasury swells with dollars. Brockton's great success in Southern Massachusetts has started seven or eight new enterprises in its lively wake. Of course it is easy to hang out a shingle and hold services in a hired hall; but *these* enterprises mean business. O, if our rich Unitarians would show their faith by shelling out, we could do mighty things. But if we felt as the apostle did, woe unto me unless I preach the gospel, or build churches in every city and town in the country, and like the evangelicals, with their pioneer spirit and self-sacrificing labors, possibly our churches would go up five a day! as, all told, is done by them, the Methodists alone building two a day, by their reports. Ah, but proportionally ours would be about forty a year. That we *could* do, if we would, East and West and all over the land. Money would come, too, if we were dead in earnest; and workers would wind their way among the mountains, and skirt the prairies, Bible—Spencer, too, in hand, and spread the gospel of science, salvation from ignorance and superstition—perhaps. Well, I don't know, superstition takes, science and sense fails, with the great masses; so I thought yesterday as I listened to a booming Methodist sermon!

We are such a little body, not worth mentioning by half the statisticians—Methodists, Baptists, nearly three million members apiece; and what logic numbers are to most people. Of course truth is often in measure inversely according to adherents and figures. Jesus once was absolutely alone, his few followers having, in a panic, forsaken him, and left him and his cause to perish. But it didn't per-

ish; he didn't, either, in the best sense; and yet, we think today, that nominal Christianity is all afume with false views, and diluted with mythology and spoiled for reasonable people, with its unreason of myth and miracles, its dying god and its living devil, its heaven for believers and its hell for doubters of the drivell called "scheme" of salvation and plan of redemption. It's a queer world, it's a queer church; people are queer beings. Preach the simple truth, reason, common sense, righteousness, character, salvation by conduct, heaven a condition and not a place, Christianity simply goodness, right living, man with man, and man with God, and seats are empty and soon the empty church is for sale. Men flock to hear, in place of these things, the death of God on the cross, Adam's fall, total depravity, a gaping lake of fire for the wicked, the blood of Christ saving from eternal fire, atonement, substitution, salvation by proxy and a belief, a God so bad that if he were a king of Tartary he would be mobbed by barbarians, he being chief. How is this? What's to pay? Who is wrong? What's it all about? My next door neighbor is 'way ahead of—or behind Unitarians, and he says, preach science, education, tell the people something to help them live here, give lectures on botany, discuss the facts of chemistry, tell us of useful things, stop your prayers and hush your horrible hymns, and be sensible; I tell him that would be the death of the church.

Is there something wrong in the churches, the people, or the condition of the world? Of course the churches, and how they are attended, and who goes and stays away, don't settle the question of truth or goodness. The great majority of men in Christendom are outside of all churches, the next great majority are in the Catholic church, and next in the Evangelical churches, and the small minority in the liberal church, and lots and lots of scientists of the higher grade, and sciolists of the lower and the superficial kind—illiberal liberals—stay at home, and think it a waste of time, and feel a bit ashamed to go to church, or have anything to do with it. I hear a sermon, which to me is chaff and nonsense, a libel on God, a slander on man, a despair of humanity, full of pessimism and unreason, and then I count up the charities, and the missions, and the splendid life of the members of the church, satisfied with such theology: I see enthusiasm in reforms, I know that delicate women and stalwart men climb the attics and descend to the cellars of the hovels which reek with wretchedness, to carry sunshine and hope, in kind words and prayers, and shoes and garments, impelled to it by *love of Christ*, I need not doubt! Is superstition so bad a thing? Where can you get that self-sacrifice, that devotion to duty, that kindling of soul, that settled conviction, that power in the preacher, that unction in song, that glorious faith in the prospects of death, that real satisfaction in the service and the hopes of religion, as are to be found in faiths and churches whose creeds are saturated with senseless superstition?

Why, I have thought that "All Souls"—a word so suggestive in Chicago, had it given the people the popular mythology instead of rationalism, might have had a congregation of a thousand, and a score of philanthropies, and three or four missionary stations among the Hottentots or the Hindus, and beaten, possibly, Moody all to bits. It doesn't seem as though it ought so to be. The church would do but little better with the most conservative Unitarianism, which means a retaining of some of the superstition, which the orthodox take in fully and freely, and call it the secret things of the Lord, or that misnomer, the supernatural. But you see I have wandered from my text. I was trying to account for our slow progress in the East, in building up our liberal faith, in touching the popular pulse, in getting Unitarian churches started. Really, we

have to fight every inch of ground we get, against all odds, and none of our churches are crowded.

The people are too busy to study or care for the thing. Most think it enough to get into good society, to meet their associates in business, to hear good singing or sermons, to sit on easy cushions, to be one of a crowd, and as to their views of religion, to hold their own, and believe what they like of the preacher's. It is so lonely to go into an empty church, even if the sermon is good, and the people are refined, and there is more truth and reason. Comfort goes before conscience, and the few make truth a principle.

There is something about our preaching that does not attract. The average Unitarian preacher East lacks unction, fervor, *abandon*, even point, or seeming purpose. He sticks to the essay style, the fairly written, elaborate sermon, his reading and his thought are outside the range of the average of his congregation, and even a fine literary, or scientific, or thought sermon, misses its mark. A real earnest, live sermon is criticised as too Methodistic, and so the preacher's wings are clipped. But if he have a reputation, he may soar into the empyrean of thought, and be admired, or descend to small talk and be applauded. Have we a gospel, or is our work education, culture, refinement of thought, entertainment of a high order, a propriety, fine things for fine folks? Some think we have abandoned hell and heaven, God and devil, and a future, and responsibility, and all that. But we were never so much *real believers* as to-day. If the Unitarians, if all those who have outgrown orthodoxy, would act on conviction and boom Unitarianism as honesty demands, we would be in the majority in three years in all New England. But they say you ask too much—to abandon the old church, which is large, enthusiastic, friendly, tolerant of our views, winks at our liberalism, and furnishes good society, for a dying church, cold, unattractive, with no enthusiasm, and hardly any who care a picayune for the church, or religion anyhow.

I do not believe Unitarianism, or rationalism of any kind, is or can be made to be for the masses. It is for educated, intelligent, refined people, as yet. Oil and water will not mix, not even in religion, with a strong alkali of love. The common mind cannot take in our thought, is not logical or philosophic, or scientific, or rational; superstition suits it best. I know what Mrs. Wilkes said about "women at the tub," crying out for Unitarian thought, it was so helpful, and all that; but there are ten such women who find help actually in the old fold. Let them come to our church, and they soon leave, frozen out or starved for lack of special attention and simple diet. Other churches, orthodox, freeze them, too, and we do not build chapels for the poor; but the color line in the South, and the ignorance and poverty lines everywhere are drawn, and mission chapels are a necessity. Birds of a feather will flock together. It is nonsense, in this generation, to talk of the masses taking to truth.

Am I discouraged? No. I was never so hopeful, or so thoroughly happy in my work. It seems to me that our truth ought to be adopted wholesale by all the churches; but we preachers would need to kindle a little more, and warm our truth, and preach a real earnest gospel of love, truth, and philanthropy. Don't we do it? With Reynolds, earnest and optimistic, and the Unitarian Club, building the Boston Home, and ready to beat a hundred thousand dollars out of bursting purses, we are going to do something soon—yet!

"PREACHING is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life."

THE moral argument for theism can not seem strong to one without a conscience.—Prof. B. P. Bowne.

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Notes from the Field.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—The *Toledo Blade* publishes in full a strong sermon, entitled "Salvation for All," preached June 30th, at the Church of Our Father, by Rev. A. G. Jennings, a sermon well calculated to rouse and stimulate people to clearer thinking and nobler living. We make room for the following extract: "The only salvation that there is, the only way we can be saved from the scars, either here or hereafter, is to be saved from sinning. The only way to be saved from burning is to keep out of the fire. If I go into the fire that fire will prove true to its nature every time and will burn. If I would be saved from anything I must concern myself with causes, not with results. If I would be saved from sickness I must look out for the sanitary condition of my premises. If I would be saved from fire I must look out for the matches; from floods, I must inspect my dams. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' There is no other way under heaven whereby mankind can be saved. I know Jesus speaks about salvation through him, which, if I understand him, means by example, by doing as I do, then you will be saved, from what? From the consequences of sinning? No; but from sinning, thereby Christ meant to tell men they could be saved through Him or by Him. But, whatever we may think of salvation, is it not rather small business to fret ourselves concerning it either way? Any man who is continually anxious about his own salvation is not likely to merit it, either in this world or the world to come."

BOSTON.—The American Unitarian Association have voted \$8,000 for the Japan Mission for the ensuing year. Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York, has been invited to go to Japan and assist Rev. Arthur M. Knapp in his work. Mr. Knapp will return with ten helpers, viz.: three professors of the new University, an American preacher and his assistant, three English and two German preachers.

—Rev. Solon W. Bush, who has lately returned from his California trip, will take charge of the *Christian Register*, while Rev. Mr. Barrows will indulge in his annual vacation—camping in Canada.

—Rev. A. D. Mayo will return to Boston about August 1st, after eight months' lecturing in the South on new educational methods. He works under the auspices of the A. U. A. More than half of the time of his late trip was spent in Texas.

—Two new organizations made up of leading ministers and business men of Boston and vicinity—viz.: the "Nationalists' Club" and the "Christian Socialists"—aim to aid men with capital and men who have labor to sell to give and take the measure of the golden rule in their mutual transactions.

MINER, SOUTH DAK.—We are indebted to Mrs. Wilkes for a letter from Miner, telling of the result of the experiment of a Union Church organized there about one year ago. Says her correspondent, "We have decided the time has arrived for us to organize an avowed Unitarian society; have adopted a simple bond of union and start off with upwards of thirty members. The orthodox, except those fully converted to Unitarianism, have abandoned the Union church for the Methodist, and so we can see no necessity for continuing in that form. Can you come sometime and organize us? . . . Our crops are a total failure, and we cannot raise a dollar for anything. We were paying Mr. Lewellen \$10.00 per month, but cannot any longer. We have told him so, but he says he will come as long as he can just the same. . . . I feel this to be a very important point. I feel certain that if it is sustained it will be the means of a strong liberal society at Artesian and also Howard." The letter concludes with an earnest appeal to Mrs. Wilkes, as the organizer of the original movement,

to come to their aid and make the reorganization under the Unitarian name an occasion to be remembered. We send greeting to Bro. Barnes, the earnest correspondent, and wish him God-speed in the undertaking.

HURON, DAK.—Miss Putnam writes, "This week we are having a sort of Unitarian revival. Rev. S. S. Hunting came to help us last Saturday and gave us two discourses Sunday, one Monday evening, a 'talk' last evening to the largest audience gathered yet, and will give another in our little church tonight. . . . There were orthodox, Methodists, etc., present. . . . The Liberals were much pleased. Mr. Hunting is doing what I have felt that some one ought to do, talking to business men on the street and in their offices, and is going to visit the railroad shops, all of which must have its effect in time." The boys of this society are interested in the distribution of our literature, and they have found the hotel reading-room a good place to secure attentive readers.

SHEFFIELD, ILL.—Rev. Lewis J. Duncan writes: "There is a very united and earnest interest in the church now. The average attendance since the beginning of my work in March until now, has been 75 or 80. Last night we began the organization of a Unity Club, for work this fall, a new venture here. And what is better than all, is that I have some earnest inquirers about our Unitarian faith who never before have been interested in it. I was made most happy last night by a visit from a young man who came to tell me of his interest and of the help he was beginning to find in the wider view. With such conditions I am, of course, very sanguine as to the future of this church." We learn also that the parish has recently purchased a parsonage.

RETURNED HOME.—Mrs. C. J. Richardson, President of the Women's Conference, spent a day at headquarters last week, on her return from the East. We are pleased to welcome her home again. She was in Boston during Anniversary Week, and has visited a number of places in New England, speaking in behalf of the Conference she represented. Everywhere she was received with great cordiality, and her reports of Western work awakened much interest. She is satisfied that the cause of unity and co-operation is to be served by a more frequent interchange of visits between the East and West.

ONEONTA, N. Y.—Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine has transferred his letter of fellowship from the Universalist to the Unitarian ministry. He has been offered by a Syracuse lady—a former member of his Unity church and congregation—the gift of a Gothic chapel, a parsonage for a home, on conditions which can be easily met. This, together with other invitations from churches in the East, he has under consideration. The Oneonta church is in a very flourishing condition, and is now closed for the summer vacation. Mr. Grumbine's new book, "An Old Religion," has just appeared.

BALLYMONIE, IRELAND.—Rev. David Matts, for 20 years pastor of the Unitarian church at Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, North of Ireland, has been spending a few days in Chicago. He has been soliciting the help of Unitarian friends in the United States in the rebuilding of his church. Chicago Unitarians have made a kindly response, Unity Church contributing, by Sunday collection, over a hundred dollars.

DENVER, COL.—Unity Church closed July 7th for the summer, to reopen September 1st. Rev. Saml. A. Eliot will preach the last three Sundays in September. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Van Ness, will attend the meeting in San Francisco of Corrections and Charities. The church has enjoyed an exceedingly prosperous year.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The pastor of All Souls' Church disappeared from the city one day last week on horseback, with a pair of saddle-pockets, headed

for Wisconsin. His return is expected the last week in August. Meanwhile his self-helpful parish goes on with its Sunday services, conducted by members of the congregation.

VACATION.—The Secretary of the Western Conference is spending his vacation at his home in Hyde Park. Communications addressed to him there, 5551 Lexington ave., or at this office will receive attention.

LUVERNE, MINN.—Mrs. Wilkes writes: "We got into our new church at Luverne last Sunday, July 7. It will be finished in a few days."

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The Home.

A PICNIC AT NORWOOD PARK.

The picnic season of 1889 appears to be as abundant in its fruits as the cherry crop. The ride on the train that carried us over the Northwestern railroad, is not the only evidence we have had, of the abundance of both. The cherry trees along the way were laden with their brilliant fruit, and the train that bore us had also another picnic aboard whose destination lay further out than our own.

We were going to see the Industrial school boys at Norwood Park, about twelve miles out of the city. One hundred and thirteen homeless boys, waifs from the street, most of them, are now at this place, fed, clothed, cared for,—modified somewhat in manner and bearing, though not enough to seriously reduce the characteristic genuineness of the native American boy.

Reaching there just before ten o'clock, we were invited to go over to the school-room and be present at some of the exercises. Quite a number of those who had not visited the place before accepted the invitation, but as we were some sixty-five strong, ranging in years from five to seventy-five, and largely children, there were still many left to scatter among the trees around the house rejoicing in the shade, or to sniff long breaths of fragrance from the roses and fine large evergreens in the pleasant grounds at the railroad station just across the road.

The Home, and the building where a room over a store served temporarily for school purposes, are only a few rods apart from each other, but as the tracks of the Northwestern railroad run between them, some military drill is necessary to march the boys back and forth all together at the required hours, to the rat-tat of the drum; this is an exercise in which the boys take no little pride and pleasure, but the crossing of the track is restricted to those times only, except under orders, that accidents may be avoided.

One of the teachers in our city schools among our company was particularly pleased with the bright, intelligent faces she saw, and the quick responses in the school-room. The group under the trees at the house could plainly hear the vigorous singing through the quiet air of the short distance, but they could not read the mottoes on the walls nor see the school-room, made pleasant by many devices, and filled with so much of promise for the future.

The preparations for dinner must begin early, as every one knows who has been to a picnic, and we were not backward on this occasion. Several tables had been quietly appearing on the ground by a curious process of inversion,—their four long, wooden legs in air, while being borne by eight or ten, rather short, not wooden legs, to their destination, there returning to their normal condition. These, with the reappearance of the school delegation, bringing word that the boys had been dismissed early, were the signals to begin. To be sure it was not yet eleven o'clock, but the time of day at a picnic is regulated by the appetites rather than the "o'clock," and the appetites are nearly always "fast time" on such days. So it was before twelve when the hundred or more boys filed out and took their seats for lunch. What seats do you suppose they took? Imagine yourselves on one side of a country road looking across to the other side; you see, behind the low picket fence, the yard and the house with its comfortable piazza, while on the roadside with its welcome shade is the new board sidewalk and the broad margin of greensward whereon the tables are spread. Now fancy about sixty feet of sidewalk trimmed, ruffled and fluted with boys, boys, everywhere, seated as thick as they can wedge themselves in without allowing for the convenience of elbow-room, on both sides of the walk; next see the files of busy sand-

wich-bearers and pickle-dealers doing their best to get from one end to the other of the narrow passes,—especially through the one beyond the further edge of the sidewalk where the boys faced the picket fence!

The Industrial school children are to be fed first, and every one lends hand and heart to the good time. Matronly women with big aprons hand out the platefuls; boys with pails of lemonade take their turns as cup-bearers after the sandwich-and-pickle-bearers; men who wear striped aprons and flourish big carving knives look dangerously busy around the tables, and one tiny maiden, not much larger than the plate she carries slowly along the line of boys, with timid inquiry in her eyes as she looks in their faces, stops hesitating at last because the boy before whom she stands does not take a piece; looking in their faces she has not noticed that the boy before this one playfully helped himself to only a crumb that remained, and now the plate "is bare" and the boy is smiling with fun; so she smiles back again and runs for another plateful, while the chatter of our many voices quite outdoes the birds in the tree-tops.

Our own smaller boys and girls who are used to having the good things before them come promptly to hand, are relegated to the greensward on the road side of the tables to await their turn; but the scene cannot be truthfully chronicled without saying that the well-bred quiet that reigns over the hundred boys on the sidewalk is not equally apparent with that smaller proportion of the youth of the occasion on the outer side of the tables. Certain clamorous demands for cake and lemonade from that quarter are something of a contrast to the "No, thank you ma'am" from the other side when the cake comes around a second time, "I have some;" the "some" being a piece nearly eaten, another is placed on the plate and a pair of brown eyes dance with pleasure. It was well that the lunch was served early, for the "twelve basketfuls that remained" had hardly been carried into the house for future use, before it began to rain, and we fled to the piazza leaving the rest of the dishes and the table cloths on the tables to be washed by other than the usual housewives. The drenching showers that followed gave us a chance to see the inside of the well-kept house, and to talk with the matron, Mrs. Harrison, and the teachers. We saw the dining room and kitchen arrangements, airy chambers dotted with white-covered, single beds, that each boy makes up for himself every morning, the office and reception rooms. Then chairs were brought to the piazza and social groups gathered there, while others went to the "Armory" and heard the boys speak pieces and sing songs. The Armory is the play-house, drill-room and general indoor resort. Benches are placed all around it, hooks and numbers are above them so the boys may know where their coats and caps belong, pictures are pasted on the wall at one end, and there are various arrangements for the boys' happiness and well-being. The memory of those songs, the voices and faces of the boys who gave them, will stay in our hearts for many a day. Weird street-songs, pathetic, striking, but rarely funny, were the chosen kind. One little fellow sung part-way through his song till it died out of his memory, when being reminded, he fell to dancing, and his stockinged feet flew nimbly, with a sharply accented, rhythmic motion, the music of which was in his head only. "I can sing and speak pieces, too," one of the boys confided in an undertone to a visitor, "but I have to wait till I am called on, you know."

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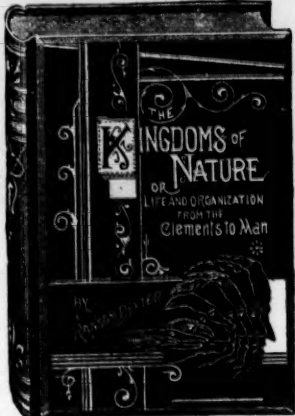


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